

## If You Mean It

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39691434) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39691434>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Miscommunication</a> , <a href="#">muahaha</a> , <a href="#">geoguessr streams</a> , <a href="#">Bets &amp; Wagers</a> , <a href="#">First Kiss</a> , <a href="#">Sharing Clothes</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap appears for .2 seconds</a> , <a href="#">sorry sapnap</a> , <a href="#">Tension</a> , <a href="#">Feelings Realization</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound is Bad at Feelings (Video Blogging RPF)</a> as in he doesn't realize he has them, <a href="#">Clay   Dream is a Menace (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">this is a tag and i think it's funny</a> , <a href="#">he's also fucking whipped</a> , <a href="#">Getting Together</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Angst</a> , <a href="#">i dont know if this is angst or humor</a> <a href="#">help me</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">Flirty Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Confessions</a> , <a href="#">george you dumb fuck</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-16 Words: 6642

## If You Mean It

by [crabnap](#)

### Summary

Dream was leaning in.

*What??*

Dream was leaning in, and he braced a hand on the side of George's neck, and *didn't he know it was a joke?* George tried to lean away, but the back of his head hit his chair. He couldn't move, couldn't breathe, and Dream was looking at him, like *holy fuck*, like he was gearing up for something catastrophic.

George's thoughts wheeled dizzily through his mind. *We're in front of 100 thousand people, Dream. What the hell are you doing?*

On a lazy Geoguessr stream, George decides to mess with the viewers. What happens when Dream doesn't seem to realize it's a joke?

### Notes

HELLOOOO and welcome to my ramshackle patch-up job of a fic brought to you by buttered noodles and not enough sleep. i'm sorry if this one is a little rough, i recently moved into a new apartment and got a cool and very exhausting job at a coffee shop which is holding me back from being a full-time gay brainrotter. i hope you all enjoy it anyways!!! much love

edit: oh my god i have made so many formatting errors pls forgive me and if you saw the messed up version no you didn't

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was no secret that Dream and George liked to play things up a bit for their viewers – just a joke thrown in here or there, going a little further than they normally would, nothing so outlandish that it felt unnatural for them.

George felt an evil sort of glee whenever the chat filled up with 'DNF' and 'OH MY GOD,' even if he had to embarrass himself a bit in the process. It wasn't a planned thing – he and Dream would never act out a relationship that wasn't theirs for views – it was more of an unspoken understanding. *You can be a little more, when we're on camera. You can make that joke that you were worried would go too far.*

At least, George thought it was an unspoken understanding. When he opened his mouth on that Sunday night Geoguessr stream, it was with the expectation that Dream would pick up the bit seamlessly like he always did.

"I knew it was Austria, you little idiot." Dream collapsed back in his chair.

George scooted to be more in frame, his knee bumping Dream's before he pulled it away. "Well, if you let me actually see the screen, maybe I wouldn't be wrong so often. You've given me, like, no room."

"There's plenty of room, you just have to sit closer to me George." Dream's voice dipped when he said that, his mouth twisting into a smirk.

"If I sat any closer to you, I'd practically be on your lap."

"That could be arranged."

George scoffed, rolling his eyes, the chat exploding with variations of 'HE'S BLUSHING' and 'OH MY GOD DREAM.'

"You are such an idiot," George said. "No one needs to see you pop a boner on stream, Dream."

The chat doubled in speed. *That's more like it.* It was fun to get them worked up, but it was even better when he wasn't at the butt end of their speculations.

"*What?*" Dream laughed in shock. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Oh come on, we all know how obsessed with my ass you are." George leveled a look at the camera, knowing chat would agree with him. "You really think you could handle me sitting on your lap? I don't think so."

“You’re so stupid. You are actually so dumb. I mean– to be fair, it is a great ass–“

George rolled his eyes, his whole head going with the motion.

“But,” Dream continued, “that doesn’t mean I’d– that I’d– oh my god. He’s an idiot! Guys, he’s just an idiot.”

“Fine, whatever. *I’m* the idiot.” George nudged the mouse closer to Dream’s hand. “Can we just get back to the *game*, please? Here, I’ll give you some incentive.” And maybe George was going a little too far, but he was caught up in the adrenaline of it now. “If you get this one right, within a hundred miles, you get to kiss me.”

He waited for the response, something rapid-fire and witty, but Dream said nothing. The chat was speeding so fast the letters had become a blur, but to his left was only silence.

George turned his head, and it was at that moment that he realized he hadn’t looked at Dream this entire time. Not really, not in the way that mattered. The little window showing their camera feed in the top left corner of his monitor did nothing to show the intensity of Dream’s gaze at that very moment. It didn’t capture his blush, the way it burned pink as hives across his cheeks and at the tips of his ears. George swallowed.

“Okay,” Dream said. George wondered if it was loud enough for the microphone to pick up. “You’re on. I’m gonna do it, George.”

“Fine then.” He looked away, trying not to overthink it. Dream knew he was joking, right? Yes, he must, he would have to be an idiot not to. Chat was on the verge of crashing Twitch.

“No getting help from chat,” George said as an afterthought. His face felt hot, and he ignored it.

The picture loaded, planting them on a crowded street corner.

“Obviously.” Dream scanned around. “Oh my god, wait.”

He practically threw himself forward to peer at the pixelated scenery. George jumped a little in his chair.

“What is it?”

Dream looked back at him, his grin stretched wide. “Would you believe me if I said I actually recognize this place?”

George’s brow furrowed. “There’s no way.”

“I’m serious.”

“That’s not fair. That’s against the rules.”

“I don’t remember you specifying anything about it when we made the deal.”

“Well, I don’t care.” George flicked his hand at the screen. “Do another one.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“You said–“

George was not having this. “Do *another one*.”

And Dream set his jaw for a moment, stubborn like a little kid, then relented. “Fine.”

He zoomed in on San Francisco and dropped his pin. The results popped up green, the map zoomed in close enough that George could read street names. It was 1.7 miles off. His stomach dropped, just a little bit, for some reason.

“Whatever, I’m cracked, it doesn’t matter,” Dream said, starting the next round.

This one was a little less intuitive, a rural highway with two blurry signs in the distance. Dream squinted as he zoomed in on them.

The language on the signs was English, which made guessing a little harder, but when George glanced at chat he saw the answer already plastered across every message. Australia. Apparently one of the cities on the first sign was close to Melbourne.

“What do you think, Dream?” George kept his voice perfectly neutral as the camera swung to the white lines on the road.

“Umm, gotta be Australia or New Zealand.” Dream was zooming in on the posts by the side of the road now, and shit, they had red circles on them. Even George would’ve gotten Australia from that. “Australia.”

George pinched his tongue between his front teeth. He knew Dream wouldn’t take the joke too far, of course, he was just scared of what other reward Dream would come up with if he got this right. It was just easier if George won. They could laugh it off and move on and Twitter would be a hilarious dumpster-fire for days after.

But it seemed like it wouldn’t be that easy, because Dream had found one of the sign’s cities on the map and he was calculating exactly how far down the highway he thought he was and everything was just falling into place. The Twitch chat was generating nuclear energy.

Dream guessed, and he was off by 12.2 miles.

“I got it! I actually got it!” Dream’s voice pitched up when he spoke, and he looked at George, and George didn’t know what to say. *What’s the plan, here? What do we do?*

“I guess you did,” he said, looking at chat and seeing one word filling it to the brim.

“Congratulations, Dream. You’re cracked.”

He was so caught up in thinking of an excuse, an alternative, anything to get them out of this, that he didn’t notice the movement next to him at first. He turned his head.

Dream was leaning in.

*What??*

Dream was leaning in, and he braced a hand on the side of George’s neck, and *didn’t he know it was a joke?* George tried to lean away, but the back of his head hit his chair. He couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe, and Dream was looking at him, like *holy fuck*, like he was gearing up for something catastrophic.

George’s thoughts wheeled dizzily through his mind. *We’re in front of 100 thousand people, Dream. What the hell are you doing?*

“Dream?” His voice came out as more of a squeak.

Dream looked down at his lips, their noses nearly touching. “I’m collecting my prize, George.” His voice was low, buzzing, curling around his name in a way that made George fight back a shiver.

*This has to be a fake-out, right? He’s gonna lean in a little then break away laughing and it will all be normal again. Everything will make sense again in just a moment.*

But it didn’t make sense, because Dream was leaning closer now. Their noses did brush, and he wasn’t laughing, not even a little bit, and George shot into fight-or-flight.

He clapped a hand over Dream’s mouth. “What the hell is *wrong* with you?”

Dream startled, lips parting under his hand, and he looked at George like *he* was the crazy one.

*We’re still live. We’re still live.* Seconds passed in thudding heartbeats. George cleared his throat. “We’re not giving out this content for free. Guys, subscribe to our OnlyFans if you want to see more.”

Dream pulled George’s hand away by the wrist. He was still so close. “We don’t have an OnlyFans.”

“Well, it seems like we’ll have to get one.” George pulled his chair close to the desk, making Dream get out of his space. His chest was tight. “What do you guys think, feet pics? If you pay me enough, I’ll even hold feet with Dream like in that awful picture on Twitter.”

“I’d do that for free,” Dream said. He was still facing George, George could see it in his periphery and on the camera feed on his monitor. He was blushing bright red, but his voice came out perfectly steady. “Type 1 in chat if you want me to post a picture of it on Twitter.”

“He will *not* be doing that.” George watched the chat fill with ones. “Type 2 if you think that’s a terrible idea.”

There was barely anyone on his side. Dream chuckled.

“I guess now there’s two things we have to do.” He poked George’s knee, making him turn.

George wasn’t sure where the joke ended and something else began. The look Dream gave him was like a challenge.

He hummed, noncommittal, something like panic sticking in his throat. He swallowed it down and turned back to his monitors. “Well, I think we’ll have to end the stream there. Thank you all for hanging out, and we’ll keep you updated on the OnlyFeet. Bye!”

Dream joined him in waving at the camera. “Bye guys! Love you. I’ll get George to take that picture with me, I promise.”

“He won’t,” George said, tabbing to OBS and hovering over the End Stream button. “Bye guys! Bye!”

“Byeeee!”

He pressed the button and closed out of all of his stream tabs. Nothing had changed in the room, but it felt so much quieter all of a sudden.

George sat back in his chair, letting out a long breath, and Dream startled him by putting a hand on

his arm.

“Do I get to kiss you now?” he asked, leaning forward, his eyes on George’s lips.

George just about had a stroke. “What? No.” *What the hell is he talking about?*

Dream pouted. “No? George. It’s bad business to make a deal with someone and then not deliver on your end of it.”

George was at a loss for words. Was he serious, or did he want to keep the bit going for some reason? Was this funny to him?

Dream smirked at the look on his face. “I’ll be expecting payment as soon as possible,” he said, standing up.

*I was joking, Dream.* George thought it, but before he could get the words out Dream was winking and closing the door behind him.

What the fuck.

—

From that point on, it was like a switch had been flipped. Dream greeted George at breakfast the next morning with hands on his waist, humming into the back of his neck like that was something they did. George spat apple juice all over the counter.

“*George.*” Dream laughed through the word, grabbing paper towels to help mop up the spill. “Why did you do that?”

He spun him around, cupping his waist again, and George was stunned breathless.

Dream was smirking now. “What, are you shy?”

“Wh— no.” George could feel his face burning up, clutching a sticky paper towel to his chest to keep that little bit of distance between them. He felt scattered, tilted, his neurons too fried to form a coherent thought. If he could form a thought, it would probably be something along the lines of, *What the fuck??*

“You don’t have to be shy, Georgie.” And now Dream leaned in, like he was about to share a secret, and George couldn’t breathe. Dream’s voice lowered. “I know you want me to kiss you.”

George’s mouth dropped open. This was all too much. Dream had become a lunatic, or something, and there was some essential part of George’s brain that he had dropped on the floor and he needed to root around under the cabinets to find it, preferably soon, preferably before Dream made any other moves toward him.

Somehow, the universe seemed to hear his cries, because Sapnap walked into the kitchen at that very moment.

“Uh.” He took a step backward. “Sorry, am I interrupting something?”

“No!” George said, at the same time as Dream said, “Kind of.”

George gripped the paper towel like a lifeline. “It’s fine, Sapnap. Dream was just being an idiot.”

“Oh, *was* I?” Dream asked, all low and teasing, but he let go of George to open the fridge.

George couldn’t shake the feeling that he was blushing. “Yes, you were.”

“Okay, well.” Sapnap entered the kitchen cautiously. “Do you think you can keep – *that* – to a minimum around me, especially when I’ve just woken up and am about to eat?”

“Sure, sorry Sap.” Dream pulled out a carton of eggs. “We wouldn’t want to ruin your *extremely fickle* appetite.”

Sapnap’s voice cracked when he laughed. “Seriously, you are! To be clear, my appetite is almost ruined. You’ve gotta be careful.”

“Oh, so you don’t want me to make you eggs, is what I’m hearing? You’re too traumatized?”

“No, no, give me the eggs, you idiot.”

Dream’s grin was shit-eating.

George had no idea how they were both being so normal about this.

“George, you want eggs?” Dream asked, that smile still on his face, and it turned all sorts of things inside-out in George’s stomach.

He shook his head. “No thanks. I’m just gonna have some cereal.”

“Alright, suit yourself.”

And the morning went on like nothing significant had happened. Nothing noteworthy – just his best friend pushing him up against the countertop and talking about kissing him. A typical Wednesday, apparently.

George escaped to his room as soon as he had finished his breakfast, closing the door and sitting against it for good measure. Patches startled from where she had been sleeping on his bed in a nest of pajama bottoms. He shushed her when she scrambled towards him, pressing his palm against the top of her head, but he didn’t let her out. He would be damned if he opened that door again. Patches accepted her fate after a few minutes, laying down under his bent knees with her paws tucked under her. George rested his hands on her back.

So, Dream was trying to kiss him. Because he thought George wanted him to kiss him. And he was turning it all into some sick game, hunting George around the house and disrupting his daily routine, which was very unsettling, and George wondered again why he hadn’t told him to just knock it off. It was just so startling, when it happened – it made George unable to think straight.

He stood up from the floor, to Patches’ displeasure, and collapsed in his bed. He had only gotten up an hour ago, but he already felt like he needed a nap. His head ached. Why couldn’t Dream have just gotten the joke, like he always did, so they would have never gotten into this mess to begin with? Maybe he did get the joke, and he was just trying to mess with George now. Maybe he was really that fucked up.

When a gentle knock sounded at his door, George bolted up against his headboard.

“Uh, yes?”

The door cracked. Dream's head poked in, a dangerous grin on his face as he leaned against the wall opposite the bed. "George, do you wanna—"

He stopped. George's blood rushed in his ears.

Something changed, Dream pushing off the wall to step closer, and George wondered for a crazed moment if he was going to try to kiss him again. He searched his face for any warning signs, but his furrowed brow gave nothing away.

Dream lowered his knees to the foot of the bed, his body language softening. "Hey, are you okay? You look really stressed."

And this was the Dream George knew, not some kiss-crazy fiend who kept ambushing him against the kitchen counters. This was his best friend who always knew when something was wrong, who always checked in, who cared and gave and loved a little too much.

George melted towards him. "Yeah, I'm okay. I just don't feel super good right now."

"Well, you should have had something more than cereal for breakfast."

George thought Dream would leave for the kitchen immediately to make him a steak or lamb or something else that was overkill for this early in the morning, but instead, he crawled forward until he was sitting next to George against the headboard.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" he asked, his face so painfully sincere.

George looked down at his cold clammy hands, rolling one of his sweatpants strings between his fingers. "No, it's okay. I'll be good soon. Just...need more sleep, I think."

And then Dream did something George had not expected him to do, something he had never done before. He took George's hand.

"Well, if you need anything, let me know. Even if you just need to talk, or something. You know I'll always be here for you."

It was shockingly tender, all at once, and George was overheating with the task of focusing on everything, the warm fingers interlaced with his and Dream's deep gaze and his words, too kind and so very him. He squeezed, weakly, against Dream's soft grip.

"Thanks. I'll let you know."

"Good."

George didn't know what to say after that. His hand was still in Dream's, and he wasn't sure when that would cross into the territory of being weird, and though he didn't want to admit it, Dream's hand felt kind of nice. Maybe now was a good time to end this before anything weird happened.

"Okay, well, I think I'm gonna take a nap," George said, with the same finality he used when he was ending a stream.

"Okay." And Dream, unbelievably, was shifting down George's bed to lay against his pillows.

George hesitated, his hand still trapped. "What are you doing?"

Dream fluffed up a pillow with his free hand and dug his cheek into it. "Napping. Isn't that what you're doing?"



“Well, yeah,” George said, still just staring at him. What else was he supposed to do in this situation?

Dream, the madman, just closed his eyes. “Okay.”

And so George was faced with a choice, to stay or to pull away, which wasn’t really a choice at all. Dream’s hand was just so nice, so safe and comforting in the way that George really needed right now, and his eyes were already slipping shut as he scooted down his headboard, Dream’s fingers held tightly between his. The pad of a thumb brushed across the inside of his wrist, over tendons and veins, and George’s pulse beat into it.

A quiet moment passed, nothing but the drone of the air conditioning to fill their ears.

“You look pretty like this,” Dream murmured, and George knew he felt it when his heart rate spiked.

He swallowed silt, kept his eyes closed. “Really?”

“Yeah.” And then there were fingers in his hair, ghosting his cheek, only warmth and the buzz of skin nearly touching. “You get softer, kind of. More delicate.”

“Delicate. Really, Dream?”

“Shut up,” Dream said, shifting closer, wedging his knee between George’s shins, “you know what I mean. I didn’t mean it was a bad thing.”

George couldn’t breathe. He didn’t know how close Dream was, but judging by the soft air hitting his face, he couldn’t have been more than a few inches away. Dream was everywhere, lighting up the front of his body like a bonfire, and the worst part was that George hummed with it. He felt squirmy, but not with the urge to pull away. His muscles coiled, more than anything, with the desire to nuzzle closer.

“I think you’re an idiot,” George said. He could barely focus on their conversation, but calling Dream an idiot was always a safe bet.

“Hmm. Maybe,” Dream said, and his voice ended on a tone that sounded like he would say something more, but nothing came.

They laid there, fingers intertwined between their chests, and George didn’t know what he was aiming for when he curled forward and down but his forehead hit warm cotton and it felt right. It felt just right. He must have really gone crazy now. Dream’s chest rose and fell against his brow and he felt like this was the only place he wanted to be for the rest of eternity.

He would have to sort that out, once he woke up.

—

George was alone when he opened his eyes again, but it didn’t stay that way for long. He was sitting at the edge of his bed, petting Patches as she rubbed up against his shins, when the door nudged open gently.

“Hello?”

Dream poked his head in. “Oh! You’re awake. Are you feeling any better?”

“Yeah, I am actually.” He scratched Patches’ chin. “How long did I sleep?”

Dream took a step into the room, leaning up against the door frame. “Not long, maybe an hour or two. I was, um.” He cleared his throat. “I just went to the bathroom, I was coming back to lay back down.”

Oh, right. Dream was coming back, because George had fallen asleep in his arms. That was an alarming thing to remember, especially since George’s mind was still a little sleep-muddled. He would have preferred a nice bucket of ice water to the face.

“Oh,” he said, eloquent as ever. How had that even happened? How had he cuddled into Dream’s chest and decided that was a good place to sleep? How had Dream let him? He was violently embarrassed. The mindset that let him do that felt very far away, like he had been heavily intoxicated when it happened. Maybe he had been. Maybe he would have to call the Cheerios customer support line to let them know their product had been spiked.

The memory of Dream’s hand, warm and electric in his, was starting to make George’s shoulders tighten into his neck. He stretched, his shirt riding up, and the cold air against his skin made him shiver.

“Are you cold?” Dream asked, his eyes flighty when he looked at him.

“Uh, a little.” He shrugged, rubbing at his arm. “I’m fine, though.”

Dream looked at his feet, ears going red, and from behind his back produced a balled-up Oklahoma Sooners hoodie. “I thought you might– well, I was–” He stopped, holding it out to George. “Do you want this? To wear, I mean? It’ll make you less cold, and...yeah.”

Oh. Dream was...giving George his hoodie. That was not what he had been expecting, especially since his mind was already a sloppy mess inside his skull, and George ducked his head because he was blushing. How mortifying. How rude of his body to betray him like this for literally no reason.

“Um–” And no matter how much he hated it, was blindsided and entirely confused by it, George wanted that hoodie. He reached a tentative hand into the air. “Yeah, actually. You don’t mind?”

Dream shook his head way too fast. “No! Not at all. I don’t mind at all.” He pushed the hoodie into George’s hands. “Here.”

The fabric was just as soft as it had looked whenever Dream wore it, across the couch on game day or in the kitchen late at night. George had always wondered what it would feel like against his cheek, and when he slipped it over his head he let the inside brush down his face. It felt well-loved. It smelled like Dream.

“Thank you,” George said, half breathless for some reason. The hoodie was way too big but it felt like a warm hug. He never wanted to take it off.

“Of course.” Dream was grinning now. “You look good in red.”

What was he supposed to say to that? He ran a hand through his hair. “Uh, thanks.”

“You look good in my clothes in general.” Dream crossed the room, stopping right between his

knees, and adjusted the collar of the hoodie. “You should wear them more often.”

George wasn’t breathing right. “R-really?”

“Definitely.”

And then Dream pushed on his chest, not hard, but enough for him to fall onto his back and lose the breath from his dizzy lungs. Dream leaned over him, hands braced on either side of his head, his hair framing his face.

“Makes you look like mine.”

“Dream?” George’s voice came out as a squeak.

His eyes were so dark like this, looking down on George, his lips just slightly parted. “I’m still waiting on that kiss, George. Are you still feeling shy?”

“I–“ George’s throat closed into a swallow. He should tell him, now, that he had been joking this whole time. He should tell him. Why wasn’t he telling him?

It wasn’t like Dream would say no. He would respect George’s wishes, and probably apologize way too many times, and why hadn’t George just told him already? He didn’t know. Maybe that was the scariest thing about it.

“Your breath stinks,” George said, as a diversion. Genius. Never been done before. He was still having heart palpitations when Dream doubled over in a wheeze.

“*What?* Okay, no it doesn’t. I specifically– nevermind. You’re still being shy, that’s fine.” He stood up from George, backing off towards the door. “I don’t know why you would be embarrassed when I already know you want to kiss me, but it’s okay. You can take your time, and I’ll keep trying until you’re ready.”

George stayed dazed on his back long after Dream left the room.

—

Say what you want about Dream, but he was a man of his word. He said he would keep trying, and try he did.

In the kitchen, in the living room, in the bathroom as George was brushing his teeth. He put his hands on George’s waist, the back of his neck, his wrists, and as persistent as he was, he was never anything more than gentle. He never pushed farther than George would let him.

Which was never far. George would devolve into a stuttering mess before Dream could even lean in. But Dream didn’t seem to mind. It seemed almost fun for him, like he lived to make George all flustered and red, like that was better than actually getting to kiss him.

George was starting to lose his mind.

If the constant heart attacks weren’t enough, George was also spending an unhealthy number of hours trying to figure out what the fuck was making him *smile* all the time. He must have become a full-blown lunatic. Because Dream would give him a certain look, or leave another hoodie at the

foot of his bed, and all of a sudden George would be grinning like a fool completely against his will. It was fucking weird.

He still didn't know why Dream hadn't given up on this stupid little game, and he didn't know why he hadn't stopped him yet, and all of this not knowing was bringing him closer and closer to calling the nearest psychiatrist.

On top of that, although it had been almost five days now since the fateful Geoguessr stream, the fans were still turning every social media platform into a complete hellscape. George had tried to do a chill solo stream on the MCC practice server, but the donos and chat messages were so bad he had ended after only thirty minutes. It was weird, because he usually thrived off of drama like that. He didn't know why it was suddenly making his hands shake and his tongue trip over his words.

About an hour after his stream ended, George was zoning out in front of the open fridge. He needed to eat something, but the thought of cooking made him hunch in front of the shelves. There was some grilled chicken in a Tupperware dish, but George was pretty sure it had been there for quite a while. Would he die if he ate week-old chicken?

The floor creaked behind him, someone coming into the kitchen, and George's neck tensed as he anticipated another ambush.

A palm slid onto his shoulder, but it was light. Soft. George turned to see Dream frowning down at him.

"Hey, that stream seemed kind of rough. Are you doing okay?"

Against his will, George leaned into his touch. "Yeah, I'm fine. I think we just need to wait a few more days for everything to die down."

"I'm sorry." Dream bit the inside of his cheek. "I probably shouldn't have pulled that shit on stream. Twitter has been unusable ever since."

George huffed a laugh. "Yeah, well, it was my idea in the first place."

"That's true, it was. How could you do such a thing, George? I don't think I can ever forgive you."

"Okay, shut up. You're an idiot." And there George went, grinning again. He decided not to analyze it this time. "Maybe you really should post that picture of us holding feet, just so they'll have something else to talk about."

Dream gasped. "*George*, you'd do that with me? Seriously?"

"No, idiot. Find a random picture on the internet and tell them it's us, I am not putting my bare feet anywhere near yours."

"Oh come on, George." Dream leaned dramatically against the counter. "It's not gross, they're just like hands. We can wash our feet, first, if it makes you feel any better."

"Wash our— what the hell is wrong with you?" George pressed his fingers into his eyelids. "Seriously, I think you have a problem."

"Well I'm not going to *lie*, if I'm posting a foot pic it's gonna be of my foot. Anything else would just be dishonest, and—"

"Okay, okay, I get it." George pulled the chicken out of the fridge and shut the door. "How old is

this?”

“Like a week,” Dream said. “You should throw it out. Are you hungry, or something?”

“Yeah, I don’t want to make anything though.”

Dream straightened immediately. “I’ll make you something. I was just about to have dinner myself.”

“You don’t have to do that,” George said, awkward with his hands as Dream pulled pans out of the cupboard.

“Don’t be stupid. What do you want?”

And Dream looked so cute, in an objective way, jumping at the chance to be George’s little chef, that he had to bite his lip to keep the smile from taking over his face. There it was again.

“Um, chicken, please? The one you make with the capers that’s really good?”

“Piccata?”

“Yeah.”

Dream leaned over, spatula in hand, and planted a chaste kiss to the top of George’s head. “Of course.”

And George couldn’t hold in his grin anymore.

—

After dinner, on the living room sofa, George found himself tucked to Dream’s chest again.

It was less this time, an arm on the back of the couch that had fallen to his shoulders, casual at first glance and not much more than warm. But George’s heart was racing.

“Do you want to watch something?” he asked, trying not to feel where Dream’s thigh pressed against his.

Dream lifted his fingers to George’s bare arm, brushing just under the sleeve of his t-shirt, making little circles and designs. “Not really. I kind of just want to hang out with you. Is that okay?”

George had to swallow twice before responding. “Uh, yeah. Yeah— that’s fine.”

He felt like he could pass out, and it was fucked up because it was Dream’s fault, for some reason, but at the same time Dream was the first person he would go to for comfort against the dizzy swirl in his head. He leaned his cheek onto Dream’s shoulder, calmer and safer and dizzier all at once.

“You know,” Dream began, letting his palm skate down George’s arm to his elbow, “I had a dream about this the other night.”

George focused on his breathing. “About what?”

“Just this. Sitting on the couch, like this. With you.”

“You dream about me?” he asked, trying for teasing.

“Yeah,” Dream said, not getting the joke. “All the time, actually.”

It was hard to come up with something snarky to say when his throat was so dry. He pulled his legs up instead, turning to lay them over Dream’s lap. He didn’t know what the hell he was doing, but it felt right. He snaked an arm over Dream’s stomach.

Dream adjusted to him with ease, resting one hand on his calf and the other around his waist. “You’re cuddly today,” he said.

George wanted to deny it, but he was practically on top of Dream right now. And he liked it, a lot, which was embarrassing and terrifying and there was nothing he could do to joke it away.

Dream drew swirls on his hip, and his t-shirt smelled warm against George’s nose, and this was only the second time they had done anything like this but it felt like they knew exactly what to do. Dream rested his cheek on George’s hair, and George’s eyes fell closed.

Maybe if he could just hold Dream off from kissing him, they could keep doing this forever.

“You smell good,” Dream murmured. “Is that a weird thing to say?”

George huffed a laugh. “A little bit.”

*You smell good, too,* he thought to say. *What the hell is wrong with me?*

“It’s not even that you necessarily smell like anything,” Dream continued, “I think it’s just that it’s you. I just— just like being close to you.”

“I like being close to you, too,” George whispered, without thinking.

*What the fuck?* His heart pulsed painfully in his chest, but he couldn’t convince himself that it was a lie. He *did* like being close to Dream, liked the way his breathing sounded with an ear on his chest, so similar to the sound of his breath through the phone on their late night calls and so different, so much better. He liked the way his heart skipped, light and thrilling in his chest. He liked the way it felt like home.

When Dream lifted his head and pulled George’s chin up to look at him, George went without any resistance. It was terrifying to make eye contact with so little distance between them, terrifying and exciting.

“You don’t have to be scared about wanting to kiss me, George,” Dream whispered, running his fingertips down the side of George’s face. “I’m not going to turn you down. Is it so hard to believe I— that I could want something like that, too?”

And it felt like a confession, because it was. And Dream was looking at him with these warm trusting eyes, like he would be willing to let George hold his heart in his own two hands. And it was too much to be given. George didn’t feel worthy.

So he did the first thing he thought to do, the first thing he wanted to do, which was terrifying but exciting as well because this was how he would show Dream that he would hold his heart with care, how he would deserve to.

He leaned in and kissed him before Dream could get the chance to do it first.

And he had never thought that he would want this, had never thought that it would turn into something he craved, but as soon as Dream's shock melted into something warmer George was hooked. He was dizzy and breathless and completely addicted to this feeling, to Dream's mouth against his turning them both a messy red.

Hands found his waist, tugging him onto Dream's lap, and as fingers slipped to the skin under his hoodie he opened his mouth and turned to liquid against Dream's chest. He was so dizzy his heart could barely beat, but he had never felt safer. This was Dream, his best friend in the entire world, and Dream would never let him fall.

Dream's fingers shook as he reached up to cup George's face, so earnest that George had to lick into his mouth to steal the nerves from his tongue, and Dream panted a breath when he bit his bottom lip and pulled.

"You—" Dream could barely speak. It made George grin so hard he thought his face would break. "I think I'm obsessed with you."

George laughed, pure light in his veins, and how could he have gone without this for so long? How could he have pushed Dream away all those times, when they could have been doing this instead? "Shut up, idiot, I'm trying to kiss you."

"Oh I'm so sorry that I'm interrupting you from kissing me, I'm sure that you've never done anything like that before." Dream squeezed at his sides, making him squeak an embarrassingly high note.

"Well. That was different," he said, and Dream was laughing at him. "Just— shut up, you're so dumb. I'm actually never kissing you again."

Dream shrugged, cocky. "Fine, if that's what you want."

George stared at him a moment, then scowled. It wasn't what he wanted. What he wanted was to kiss that stupid smirk right off of Dream's face. He imagined it would work wonderfully.

George leaned in, but Dream tipped his chin up away from him. "Nope! You said you're never kissing me again, George. Either you take it back, or you honor your word."

George huffed, chasing Dream's lips, and now their mouths laid haphazardly against each other while Dream was still trying to turn away. It was warm, a little wet, and completely ridiculous. George laughed a little, pressing closer, and Dream wheezed right onto his mouth.

"You're like a fucking—" Dream struggled to get a word out against George's lips. "A fucking *cat*, George. Jesus Christ."

And he took George's jaw in both hands and kissed him senseless before he had a chance to be offended.

The world was warm. Dream's hands were in George's hair, tugging him closer, and George was more happy than he could ever remember being. He had to keep stopping because he was smiling too wide to kiss properly.

Later that night, tucked into Dream's arms and leaving small kisses up and down the warm line of his neck, George realized that he had been wearing one of Dream's hoodies this entire time. He laughed a little, and when Dream asked him what it was about he sucked a mark against his throat

to shut him up. It worked marvelously. He couldn't believe he had been losing arguments to him for years when it was so easy to make him crumble.

But, then again, he was no better. Dream's hands slipped down to his ass, and he immediately lost every thought from his head. What a couple of idiots they were turning out to be. How stupid he had been to not see what was right in front of him.

And George was so, stupidly, idiotically happy.

## End Notes

hi hi everyone what did you think? did you have fun? would you recommend Crabnap Amusement Company to a friend? CAC see it sounds like a crow when you say it. i hope you enjoyed yourself at least a little bit, and if you did, i would really appreciate it if you would let me know through comments and/or kudos because they are what keep me going in these dark times where i have to pay for my own electricity. thank you so much! i love you all and i will see you again soon

[my twitter](#) if you wanna see more deranged content like this

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!